

HORSE RACING IN ITALY.

The following is extracted from Macgill's late Travels in Italy, &c.

THE method of horse racing in Italy is singular. The horses run without riders ; and to urge them on, little balls with sharp points in them are hung to their sides, which, when the horse is employed in the race, act like spurs. They have also pieces of tinfoil fastened on their hinder parts, which as the animals rush through the air, make a loud, rustling noise, and frighten them forward. I was much amused with the horse races at Ancona. A gun is fired when they first start, that preparations may be made to receive them at the farther end ; when they have run half-way, another gun is fired ; and a third when they arrive at the goal. To ascertain, without dispute, which wins the race, across the winning post a thread is stretched, dipped in red lead, which the victor breaking, it leaves a red mark on his chest, and this mark is decisive. The first race was declared unfair, as one horse had started before the rest ; and the governour ordered another to be run the following evening. To guard the course, a great number of Roman soldiers under arms were ranged on each side of it, from one end to the other. The morning after the first race, the wind blew from the north, and was rather cold. I was sitting with his excellency the governour, signior Vidoni, when a messenger arrived from the general, with his compliments, requesting that the race might be deferred till another day, as he thought the weather too cold to put his troops under arms. The governour replied to him, that, "as the weather was not too cold for the ladies, he thought it was not too much so for Roman soldiers." I have seen on a day which only threatened rain, a guard of Romans turn out, every one of which had an umbrella under his arm, the drummer and fifer alone excepted.

*For the Emerald.*DESULTORY SELECTIONS,
AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

THE interval comprehended between the dawn of learning, after a long night of ignorance and barbarism, to the time when it attained its meridian splendour, forms a period highly interesting to the literary enquirer. To Italy we are indebted for this revival of knowledge and taste, as the nurse of every science, the country which produced and cherished a long list of scholars and poets, who contributed to the restoration of letters, and revived the glorious days of Augustus. The labours of Roscoe and Tenhove, have disseminated in this country a taste for Italian literature. But we think that much yet remains to be done. The 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, abounded in learned men of every description, many of whom are at present scarcely known but by name, but whose works merit our attention by the excellence of their subjects, and the purity of their language. — While the rest of Europe was involved in darkness, Italy alone retained in its bosom, poets, historians, and scholars.

New or improved translations of Guicciardini, Muratori, Giannone, Bembo, Fra Paolo, and Denina are obvious desiderata in our language. There are also many detached portions of Italian history that would amply repay in interest the labour bestowed on them: such as a History of the Visconti Sovereigns of Milan, on the plan of Mr. Roscoe, a continuation of that gentleman's work to the extinction of the house of Medici, and a philosophical history of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes from Leo X. to the present time.

T.

ITALY.: DISCOVERY OF ANTIQUITIES.

Select Reviews, and Spirit of the Foreign Magazines (1809-1811); Aug 1809; 2, ProQuest
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ITALY.

DISCOVERY OF ANTIQUITIES.

AT the villa of count Moroni, near Rome, were lately discovered the tombs of the ancient Roman family of Manlia. They were found to contain two statues, five busts, and an urn; all of them in a tolerable good state of preservation; and distinguished with the name of Manlius. Two skeletons, which have been dug up at the feet of the abovementioned statues, had still rings on their fingers. Next to the skeleton of a woman, named Agathonia, was found

the shell of an egg; an oil bottle; a broken mirror; and a lamp. Upon this lamp was represented Tarquinius, son of the seventh and last king of Rome, carrying a dagger in his hand, at the moment that he was going to violate Lucretia. Baron de Hasselin, minister from his majesty the king of Bavaria to the Holy See, has purchased those valuable antiquities, which are at least 2000 years old.



ITALY.

CARDINAL Cassoni, Secretary of State to his holiness the Pope, has published the following note :

ROME, FEB. 2, 1808.

“His holiness, Pius VII. being unable to conform to all the demands made on him by the French government, and to the extent required of him, as it is contrary to his sacred

duties, and the dictates of his conscience ; and being thus compelled to submit to the disastrous consequences which have been threatened, and to the military occupation of his capital, in case he should not submit to such demands :

“Yielding, therefore, in all humility of heart, to the inscrutable determinations of the Most High, he places his cause in the hands of the Almighty, and being unwilling to fail in the essential obligations of guaranteeing the rights of his sovereignty, he has commanded us to protest, and formally protests in his own name, as well as in that of his successors, against any occupation whatever of his dominions, being desirous that the rights of the holy chair should remain, now and henceforward, uninjured and untouched. As the Vicar on earth of that God of Peace who taught by his divine example humility and patience, he has no doubt but his beloved subjects, who have given him so many repeated proofs of obedience and attachment, will make it their peculiar study to preserve peace and tranquillity, private as well as public, which his holiness exhorts, and expressly commands ; and that far from committing any excesses, they will rather respect the individuals of a nation, from whom, during his journey and stay in Paris, he received so many flattering testimonies of devotion and regard.”

The True Patriot.

ANDREW DORI, of Genoa; the greatest sea captain of the age he lived in, set his country free from the yoke of France. Beloved by his fellow citizens, and supported by the emperor Charles V. it was in his power to assume sovereignty, with out the least struggle. But he preferred the virtuous satisfaction of giving liberty to his countrymen. He declared in public assembly, that the happiness of seeing them once more restored to liberty, was to him a full reward for all his services : that he claimed no pre-eminence above his equals, but remitted to them absolutely to settle a proper form of government. Dori's magnanimity put an end to factions that had long vexed the state ; and a form of government was established with great unanimity. Dori lived to a great age, beloved and honoured by his countrymen ; and without making a single step out of his rank, as a private citizen, he retained, to his dying hour, great influence in the republic. Power founded on love and gratitude was to him more pleasant than what was founded on sovereignty. His memory is revered by the Genoese ; and in their histories and public monument, there is bestowed on him the most honourable of all titles, “Father of his country, and restorer of its liberty.”

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

From an American Traveller in Europe to his friends in this country.

LETTER TENTH.

Naples, Feb. 7. 1805.

MORALS OF ITALY.—THE WALTZ.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I PROMISED you my observations on the state of morals and manners in Italy. In reply to your queries as to the correctness of the pictures drawn by Moore, Brydone, Smollet, and Mrs. Starke, I would observe, that I think it extremely unfair in a traveller, who visits a foreign country, to whose language he is in a considerable degree a stranger, into whose so-

ciety he can only have a limited and partial admission to draw general and illiberal inferences as to the state of their morals, and the nature of their domestick relations. The very illiberal representations which we have seen made of the manners of our own country by Chastellux, Weld, Parkinson, Liancourt, Bayard, and that execrable German, whose travels were republished in the Port Folio, ought to lead us to be very cautious how we venture upon general descriptions, especially unfavourable ones, of foreign nations. What credit

can we give to narrations of this sort, when we find the most liberal of the abovementioned travellers, Mons. Bayard, gravely telling the citizens of France, that '*les Américains se mouchent avec des doigts*'? I will not offend the delicacy of your sex, nor raise a blush of indignation, by translating the abominable calumny. Suffice it to say, that a single trait of that kind related by a traveller would be sufficient to convince every Frenchman, that we are but little advanced above our savages.

But although general comments on national manners are, for the reasons I have assigned, improper, unjust, and illiberal, still there are certain leading traits, which he who runs may read, and which he may without risk report. To say, for example, that there is a most ludicrous mixture of superstition and levity in the religious exercises of the Italians, and in their observance of the sabbath, would not be hazardous or illiberal. At the church you would suppose them the most devout and pious people in christendom; walk to the Villa Reale, the publick promenade, and you would say, that religion did not enter into their system. The sabbath is the grand moment of festivity and gaiety; and after the conscience has been once discharged by auricular confession, the only study you would imagine was, how to muster up a good account for the next. The old story of the Cicisbeos is familiar to you. Its repugnance, to all our ideas of domestick propriety naturally renders it odious to us. The only question among travellers has been, how far this singular custom extends. Whether it is a merely innocent etiquette? or whether there is that complete corruption of manners, which appearances indicate?

For my own part, though I admit that the question can never be absolutely put at rest, except by those who enter personally into this vortex of folly or vice, yet I entertain no doubts that the intercourse between the sexes is as corrupt as can well be imagined. It would require more candour than I possess to believe, that while human nature is found so frail in all the colder climates, it can preserve its purity in the midst of temptation, in the warm, luxurious climate of Italy; in *that Italy*, which in all ages has been famed for its voluptuousness.

The attentions, the tenderness, the marks of unceasing affection, which are openly displayed by the cicisbeo towards his favourite fair, must in the end wean the affections of the most virtuous wife from her husband.

When a married woman not only avowedly receives the assiduities of a young unmarried man, but expresses in the warmest language her love, her esteem for him: when she openly acknowledges her jealousy of her illicit lover, and watches his attentions to other ladies with marked dissatisfaction, I must require evidence that human nature is totally reversed in Italy, before I can believe that such connections are innocent.

The subjugation of this country by France, and the introduction of several thousand young, gallant French officers, have not tended much to purify the morals of this nation. France, you may remember, conquered it in the 13th century, and the debauchery of the French nobility excited so much the jealousy of the Italians, that they massacred every Frenchman on Easter eve, while they were at their devotions. Though the character of the Italians has totally

changed, and jealousy has ceased to be one of their vices, yet I much doubt whether the French have lost any thing of their disposition to gallantry, at least appearances do not indicate any such change.

Among the other corrupting fashions, which have been introduced by the French officers, is a lascivious dance called the *waltz*, originally learned by them in Germany, but which is exactly adapted to the taste of a young French officer, who is in quarters in a city full of pretty women, whose morals are loose enough to permit them to join in this dance. As you probably have never seen it, and for the sake of your feelings I pray you never may, I will give you a short description of it, in order that you may form some opinion of the degraded state of morals on the continent of Europe.

In the first place, the ladies are dressed *a la Grecque* ; that is to say, with the *least possible attire*, leaving as little room for the imagination as possible, the breast and arms totally exposed, or covered only with gauze or crape. Thus prepared for this embracing dance, the gentleman clasps with both arms the lady firmly round the waist, while she gently passes one of hers around his body, and softly reclines the other upon his neck. You will probably expect some description of an elegant figure, executed with taste, and affording variety and amusement. No ; the *attitude* constitutes all the pleasure and all the novelty of the dance. The dancers thus embracing and embraced, begin to turn most furiously, precisely like our Shaking Quakers, and as the motion would make them dizzy, if they did not keep their eyes fixed on some object, which turns as rapidly as them-

selves, they have an apology for the most languishing gazes upon each other. In this state of painful revolution they continue, till nature is exhausted, when the lady is exactly prepared to repose herself, which she does in the arms of her companion. The dance is soon renewed, and, as it has no other termination than the fatigue of the parties, nor any other object than a languishing embrace, it generally continues for several hours, exhibiting neither variety, taste, nor graceful motions. I do not think that it is more indecent to *act* than it is to *see* it. The lady or the gentleman, who could do either without a blush, may rely upon it that they are half corrupted.

This dance appears so strongly to resemble the abominable dances of the Bacchanals, that I am persuaded it is derived from that source. It is probable that the Roman officers carried it with their arms into the north of Europe, from whence it is now returned with northern arms to scourge and debase, *if possible still more*, the Italians.

We are so prone to copy all the fashions, and many of the vices of Europe, that I should tremble lest this lascivious and criminal exhibition should make its way into *our country*. But I console myself with the reflection, that manners must have arrived to an high degree of corruption before such a dance would be publicly permitted ; and as I flatter myself, that we are as yet far removed from that state of moral depravity, so I have reason to hope, that it will not be introduced in my day, nor in that of my children.

Should, however, contrary to my hopes and belief, the day arrive, in which a lady of our society will, without blushing, be ready to

embrace a gentleman in publick company, I hope the government will not so far have lost its purity and energy, as to neglect to restrain what private delicacy ought to have prevented. Were I the attorney-general in such a case, I should without hesitation present it to the grand jury, as an offence 'contra bonos mores.' If all this should not avail, and it should become apparent that the flood-gates of vice must be thrown open, I would exert my little influence with the legislature to procure an act to render polygamy lawful, or even to repeal the laws for the preservation of chastity. This I would do upon the conviction, that, when morals have descended to a certain degree of debasement, and when vice becomes general and is authorised *by law*, people will become *virtuous by way of distinction*.

I beg your pardon for having

drawn a *true* but disgusting picture of the state of publick morals in some parts of Europe. To a mind pure and virtuous, unsullied and unsuspicious, I know that such representations must be painful ; but I thought that your curiosity would be alive on the subject, and that such a picture would tend to make *your own* situation *dear to you*. If you should ask, why I am so severe, after my own introductory remarks upon the danger of hasty general conclusions ; I answer, that I have noticed *only* things openly practised, and which every man, who enters one of these cities, must see and know. As to my *reflections* on these *two* practices, you will judge whether they are correct or not. I have no personal knowledge of the state of morals here, except what I derive from exterior manners.

Yours, &c.

From the "Athenæum."

MEMOIRS OF EZZELINO DA ROMANO.

Of all the petty tyrants who have rendered their names equally terrible and detestable within the sphere of their power, few can compare in point of vigour and capacity, as well as of cruelty and ferocity, with *Ezzelino* surnamed *Romano*, who bore a great sway in the north-eastern part of Italy about the middle of the 13th century. He is frequently mentioned in the histories relative to that period, but the most particular account of his life and actions is to be met with in the following work.

Historia d'Ezzelino Terzo da Ramano. In Trevigi, 1648, 8vo. Dedicated by the printer, Simon da Ponte, Gasparo Spineda, Sopracomito di Galera for the Republic of Venice.

As it contains many curious particulars of the events and manners of that age, a general sketch of its contents with the quotation at length of some of the more remarkable passages, may perhaps be an acceptable contribution to the Observer.

The work begins with a view of the state of that part of Italy called La Marca Trevisana, in the year 1100. This Marche of Treviso comprehended great part of the latter Venetian territory on the continent, in which were the cities of Verona, Vicenca, Padua, Treviso or Tre-

vigi, Trent, and Altino. At that period, says the writer, it was in profound peace and tranquillity; all its cities enjoyed a free government, paying due obedience and a decent tribute to the emperor. The people, not burthened with impositions, lived in great prosperity, every man occupied in the concerns of his own calling. Nor were they yet infected with the party animosities of the Guelphs & Ghibbelines; whence every city abounded in nobility and people, in merchandize and wealth. Among the noble-families of that period, there were five distinguished above the rest for antiquity, property, reputation, and powerful alliances. These were the family of *Este*, whose possessions were chiefly in the Paduan territory; of *St. Boniface*, in the Veronese; of *Onara*, in the Paduan, and also in Piedmont; of *Campo San Piero*, in the Paduan and Trevisan; and of *Comino*, in the Trevisan.

When the emperor Otho III. came into Italy, among other eminent commanders, he brought with him one named *Ezzelino the German* (the name is doubtless Italianized) who for his great services obtained several grants, among which was the castle of Onara, 15 miles from Bassuna, with all its possessions and jurisdictions. He was made count of that place, and finally settled in Italy with all his family. By his address he also became lord of Bassuna, and of many other castles in Piedmont: and he frequently visited Padua, where he built a superb palace, and was in high esteem. He died at a very advanced age, leaving two daughters honourably married in Italy, and one son named *Ezzelino Balbo*. This son, who married a Paduan lady, had one son, *Ezzelino Monaco*, and a daughter united in marriage to Tiso da Campo St. Piero, a very opulent and powerful nobleman, head of one of the great families above-mentioned. The death of Manfredo da Baone, accounted the richest man in the Marche of Trevigi, left his only child Cecilia a wealthy heiress. She was committed to the guardianship of one Spinabello, who offered her to Gerardo, el-

dest son of the above-mention Tiso, as the most suitable match he could find for her. Tiso consulted his father-in law Ezzelino Balbo on the proposal, who, thinking the connection a very good one for his own son Ezzelino, secretly treated with Spinabello to give him the preference to Gerardo. In fine, he prevailed with the guardian, and Cecilia was married with great pomp to Ezzelino Monaco, by whom she had a daughter. The family of Campo San Piero werere highly enraged at this treachery, and resolved upon vengeance. They watched many years for an opportunity, which at length offered itself. Cecilia, having obtained permission from her husband to visit her great possessions and her kindred in the Paduan, departed from Bassano, where she resided, with an attendance of about thirty servants. Gerardo da Campo San Piero, informed of her journey by his spies, collected a strong troop of his friends, and met her at a place on the road, pretending that his intention was to do her honour. When, however, he had got her into his power, he changed his tone, and informed her that it was his purpose to put her to shame, in order to revenge the injury which he had sustained from her husband.— Her most pathetic entreaties were fruitless, as well as the ties of kindred by which they were connected. He kept her with him forcibly all night, and the next morning sent her back to her husband with an insulting message.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT OF MODERN NAPLES.

From Kotzbue's Travels in Italy.

At Naples every thing is different from what any inhabitant of a more northern climate conceives of a town. I may describe Naples, says our author, as one large house, with a vast number of inhabitants; and the particular houses as mere chambers: for, sleeping excepted, every thing passes in the streets that is in other countries done with doors. All artisans and mechanics not merely have open stalls, but they carry out their tables and whatever else they want for their trade, and work in the public streets; so that we see and hear knocking, hammering, sawing, weaving, filing, planing, frizzling, shaving, and a thousand other processes, the whole day. The eating-house-keepers plucks and roasts chickens, and sells and fries fish, in the street; while his hungry customers stop, and gratify their appetites. To quench their thirst they need only a few steps further to one of the numerous water-sellers, who have their stalls also in the street. These last stalls are so singular as to deserve a particular description; and to make the subject very clear, I am afraid will not be in my power.

Before the table where the man stands to serve his customers, four

painted and gilt stakes are fixed up at the corners, joined on the top by cross bars; and the extremity of these bars towards the street is decorated in various manners, some of which would elsewhere be thought rather licentious, but are here passed with indifference. They bear also the images of saints; and have a couple of small flags on both sides, with spaces filled up with bouquets of lemons nailed on. The first sight of this puts us in mind of the Chinese. The tapper has on each side of him a long cask in the form of a drum; through the middle of which an iron rod runs, so that it may be inclined upwards or downwards as he pleases. These casks contain fine clear water and ice. The fore part of the table is covered with glasses and lemons. Round such booths there are always customers, more or fewer; but they are sometimes so numerous as to inclose it in a double or triple circle. The extraordinary ease with which the sellers dispatch this crowd, is truly admirable. They tip their casks to the right and to the left, fill the glass, squeeze a little lemon-juice into it, give it to the person, take the money, and lay some of it out again, &c. all in an instant. In observing them for a long time, they appear almost a sort of machine worked by springs. In hot weather the crowd is said to be indescribable, notwithstanding the immense number of these booths. They are lighted in the evening by eight, ten, or twelve lamps each. The price of this beverage is one of the smallest copper coins. It has a pretty appearance to see the crystal water pearling in the glass, and the ice cooling it. There is also much cleanliness observed, which is a thing very unusual in other mat-

ters : the seller rinses the glasses always beforehand. Besides these men with booths, here are many water-sellers, who cry about their commodity the whole day, and have in like manner a constant supply of clean glasses.

Eating and drinking are the first and most important concern of the populace. In Naples this is so carefully provided for, that we cannot go ten paces without meeting with some arrangements fitted to supply these two necessities in a moment. Here stand great kettles full of dressed maccaroni, with cheese scattered over it, and the surface decorated with small pieces of golden apple, as it is called. The ability of consuming a great portion of this article must be learned from the Neapolitians ; for as the maccaronies are an ell in length, they must be held by the thumb and fore-finger, with the neck bent back and the mouth stretched open, and thus let down into the throat. Strangers usually cut them in pieces with a knife and fork, and then eat them with spoons ; but this is quite against the national custom. The maccaronies are here very simply prepared, with broth and cheese ; and taste incomparably better than those which I have found in other places. They are here, however, as through all Italy, generally too little boiled ; the rice, pealed grain, &c. are all hard, and scarcely eatable by a foreigner.—I once stopped as a tailor's wife was boiling her maccaroni in the street. She had turned a mortar upside down, and placed a pot on it that held a fire of burning sticks ; over this flame stood her kettle. When the water began to boil, she seized a parcel of maccaronies, thrust them to the bottom of the pot, and kept them down

till they were rendered flexible by the hot water : she then let the whole swim about. I looked at my watch. She left the victuals to boil up for five minutes, poured off the water, put to it broth, and cheese upon it, and the dinner was then ready. In the mean time my neighbour had risen from his seat of work, and, without asking permission, lighted his pipe at the little fire ; the whole apparatus was so threatened for a moment with total destruction by a hog and loaded ass. It is truly entertaining to witness this medley of scenes in the street.

Epicures sometimes mix live chickens with their maccaroni, which render it delicious in the extreme. But I have confined myself at present to the populace, who have also other favourite dishes besides this grand national one. Among these must be reckoned beans and peas, which are in like manner boiled in great kettles, that invite the passengers to turn aside ; and also Turkish corn, the ears of which are boiled in water just as they grow, without any preparation. This last is indeed the most common diet, and in the least repute ; but it must be very nutritive, and I have frequently seen beggars devouring it eagerly. Not only the grains of it are eaten, but the meat likewise that encircled them, which is softened by boiling.

A second very rich source of nutriment is found in the endless number and variety of sea-fish which are sold and consumed in the streets either boiled, roasted, or raw. I cannot describe all the grotesque forms they present. Some shell-fish are in the form of a horse-chesnut, with prickles ; and others look like knife-handles of gate. Both sorts are eaten raw.

and I think it must require some courage for consuming the latter when eaten in the following manner:—their shells are first squeezed from the back part, when they immediately put out their heads and half their bodies in a manner somewhat similar to snails, and twist themselves about like leeches, which they very much resemble in form, but not in colour. When held to a plate they attach themselves to it with their heads, which then become broader. Two small eyes are clearly to be distinguished in the head. Whoever is disposed to eat this fish, must bite directly to its head, as soon as that part comes out of the shell; and holding fast in this manner, draw out the whole body. I confess that I have never been able to overcome my aversion for performing such an operation. Some, however, stew them in their shells like oysters; in which state I have attempted to taste them, but found their flesh to be a very sickly sweet.—The oysters here are also in immense numbers; but they are very small, and their taste is by no means fine. The fishermen have a custom of opening them, and putting four or five into one shell to make a mouthful; but this practice is neither cleanly nor inviting.

It is usual for these men to sit with their stock (called *sea-fruit*) for sale on the beach; where fashionable companies assemble on the summer evenings to eat fish, sitting down to small tables which they had ready spread. The fisherman has then his variety of *sea-fruit* set out for shew, from which every one may suit his fancy. But as the space used for this purpose is not very large, it is necessary to order a table before-hand to prevent a disappointment.

Vegetables and fruit of every kind, are, it appears, abundant at Naples, nor do the populace want for what they conceive greater luxuries. Under my window, observes our traveller, for example, stands a man with a table before him, to one corner of which a pole is fastened, with a thick iron nail of about six feet long projecting from it. The man kneads on his table a dough of maize flour, and sweetens it plentifully with black honey. He then pulls out the dough, which at this time looks very black, into a long roll; seizes the ends with his two hands, and strikes it with all his force over the thick rail till it becomes first yellow, and by degrees perfectly white. He now cuts it into small pieces, throws it into a pan with boiling oil, and in a few minutes the delicious substance is fried. The rabble catch up every morsel with avidity; and a number of greedy customers commonly surround the stall, watching the whole process with eager expectation till it is finished. A stranger might indeed find some difficulty in making an instantaneous trial of this dish; but he need only go a few paces further to the booth of a gingerbread-maker, and he will at all times find excellent little cakes filled partly with fruit and partly with *ricotta*, which I can assure him from experience would not disgrace a princely table. *Ricotta* is a sort of curds, or soft cheese; which is sold in small baskets with vine-leaves put over them.

It is well known that cheese is an article of importance with the Italians in general; but all sorts of Neapolitan cheese are good for nothing. Some are very sharp tasted; but most of them are quite insipid. The commonest are in

the form of a small round pilgrim's flask; and are hung on pack-thread, in which manner the whole booth is usually garnished with them. On cutting into this sort, it looks exactly as if it lay inclosed in a bladder, for it has a tolerable thick skin over it resembling that membrane. The inside is very tough, and has no taste. The buffalo cheeses are very similar to these, and will stretch like leather.

A custom, which I have met with no where else, is the manner of selling milk. The cow is led by its owner from house to house; and whoever wants milk sends out a servant, who milks from the cow before the door as much as the family has occasion for.

Besides these cows, there are also a number of calves that wander about the city, but for a very different purpose. They belong to the monks of St. Francis; who not only, in idleness, get their own bellies filled by the people, but also commit the protection of this livestock to their good nature. For that purpose nothing more is necessary, than to put a small square board on the forehead of the calf, with the figure of St. Francis painted on it. Provided with this, the animals walk about uncontrolled, devour as much as they can, and sleep where they choose, without any one venturing to prevent them. On the contrary, if one of them should happen to enter a great house, and lie down there to sleep, the occupier thinks it a fortunate omen.—It is incredible to what a height the monks carry their impudence here; which is in fact exceeded by nothing but the stupidity of the people.

From some subsequent observations we collect, that at Naples meat is good and cheap, as is bread;

but that the wine is bad, and of sickly taste.

Speaking of the fine buildings in the streets of Toledo, our author says, were all the streets of Naples like this one, and the grand buildings doubled in number and magnificence, it would still deserve the name of a wretched city as long it is crowded with beggars, whose number defies all calculation. I feel it indeed a fruitless task for my pen to attempt a description of the scenes I have witnessed, and I lay it down in despair. I know: what I can tell, is as much as need be known of human misery. As we step out of our house, twenty hats and open hands are stretched out towards us. We can take ten steps in the street without meeting a beggar, who crosses our path, and with groans and piteous exclamations solicits our mercy. Women, often dressed in black and veiled, obtrude themselves impudently upon us. Cripples of all sorts suddenly hold their stumps an arm or a leg close to our eyes. Noseless faces, devoured by disease grin at us. Children quite naked, nay, not unfrequently even mothers are to be seen lying and moaning in the dirt. A dropsical man leans by a wall, and shews us his monstrous belly. Consumptive mothers lie by the road side, with naked children in their laps, who are compelled to be continually crying aloud. If we go to church, we must pass between a dozen such deplorable objects at the door; and when we enter, as many more lie down on their knees before us. Even in our own dwelling we are not free from the painful spectacle. If we open the balcony-door, our sighs re-echo in our ear from below. Monks intrude themselves into our chamber, and beg of us while the

er us a plate of fruit ; and the
g's gardener will do the same
under the pretext of giving us a
regular fruit purloined from the
al hot-houses.

On taking a view of all these
rors, one cannot restrain a smile
bitter contempt at the proud
apolitan proverb : " You must
Naples, and die." Some years
an attempt was made to abol-
the system of beggary ; and
this purpose a command was is-
d for taking up all beggars, and
tying them to the great poor-
se, which is large enough to
many thousands. But the
tenance of so many people
n brought together, was a
all circumstance which had been
looked. Much, no doubt, had
n calculated on the charitable
voluntary contributions of the
politans ; which, in the begin-
g, indeed, were very liberal.
this scheme experienced the
of all similar projects, founded
on the precarious support of
viduals : for nothing wearies
on as charity. The contra-
ons fell off. The unfortunate
ches were shut up by five hun-
s in large halls, without vic-
or occupation : diseases gain-
round among them : one ran
y after another, without ob-
tion : the beggars were no
re apprehended ; and every
g returned to its former state.

(To be continued.)

the aforesaid treaty; we consider our reign in Etruria as dissolved from this day, and hence discharge the Etrurian nation from every oath of allegiance towards our royal person.

Yet we cannot separate from subjects so dearly beloved, without publicly assuring them of our entire gratitude, and of the memory which we shall at all times retain of the faithful attachment they have displayed during the time of our government.

Yet if there is a thought which can diminish our affliction at such a separation, it is this, that the kingdom of Etruria, that so obedient a nation, becomes subject to the happy government of a monarch who is adorned with the most heroic virtues, among which the constant care is pre-eminent with which he labours to assure the prosperity of the people under his authority.

MARY LOUISA.

Given the 10th of December, 1807.

DISSOLUTION OF THE KINGDOM OF ETRURIA.

Florence, Dec. 4, 1807.

In pursuance of a convention between their majesties the emperor of the French and king of Italy, and the king of Spain, Tuscany has been ceded to his imperial majesty; and yesterday evening, the queen (to whom other states are to be assigned) departed hence with a train of between forty and fifty carriages, containing baggage and private property; after which the Etrurians were discharged from their oath of allegiance, and the government declared to be dissolved, by the following proclamation:

Charles Louis, infant of Spain, king of Etruria, &c., and on the part of his majesty, her majesty Maria Louisa, infanta of Spain, queen regent of Etruria.

Whereas his majesty the emperor of the French and king of Italy has informed us, that, by virtue of a treaty concluded with his catholic majesty, other states are appointed for us in exchange for the kingdom of Etruria, ceded to the most illustrious emperor by

Selected for the Emerald.

ELOQUENT DESCRIPTION OF POMPEIA.

(From a tour in Italy and Sicily, by M. Creuze Deslessert, not yet published.)

I HAVE seen almost all the remarkable objects that Italy presents to the view of a stranger; I have seen the Pantheon, Vesuvius, the Colysæum, St. Peter's; I have seen Milan, Florence, Naples, Palermo, Rome, but what I should be most desirous of revisiting is Pompeia.

Pompeia was a middling town of Campania; it is only a small fragment of antiquity, but it is a fragment the most true, the most curious, and the most affecting. It is not like Herculaneum, a series of cellars in which you can see nothing without the aid of imagination; it is actually an ancient town, the inhabitants of which fled yesterday, and in which they are discovered to-day.—What do I say? the unfortunate wretches were cut off from the possibility of flight. The more favoured people of Herculaneum had almost all time sufficient to escape the lava that pursued them; but the ashes, more rapid in their effect, buried in a few moments all Pompeia, together with its whole population.

How could it happen that this town was forgotten for such a length of time, or even for a single day? Scarcely did the ashes rise a few feet above the roofs of its houses, which were by no means lofty. What! had not any of its ill-fated inhabitants a relation or friend in the neighbouring towns that possessed the courage to search for and to rescue some of the unhappy victims from the sepulchre in which they were entombed alive? They would most undoubtedly have succeeded. And why did not the government of that day employ its powerful means in this noble operation? Ah! if in the Alps and other mountains forgotten by nature, unfortunate wretches buried with their cottages forty feet beneath the snow, were disengaged and discovered alive after more than a month, can it be doubted that numerous victims long retained life and hope beneath the ashes of Vesuvius? With what horror must they at length have relinquished both the one and the other?

C c 2

Let due praise be bestowed on the governments of antiquity, but let it not be denied that this circumstance, and many others, prove an indifference towards the misery, and disregard of the lives of men, which no longer exist, at least in Europe. In case of such a catastrophe the worst of modern governments would employ all its efforts, all its resources, and with the chances which were in favour of Pompeia, would rescue many victims from death, and from the utmost fury of still raging volcanoes.

The great road which leads to Pompeia, appears to be almost on a level with its soil. As you approach, you perceive to the left a hill of moderate height, and this is Pompeia, the buried Pompeia, for a very small portion of the town has yet been recovered. You soon reach it, for you have occasion to descend no more than a few feet before you are in the city of the Romans. The first sentiment that is felt on entering this scene of devastation may be considered but not described. The stranger traverses these solitary streets, where he arrives after Vesuvius; his greedy eyes examine every thing; he wishes that he could see the whole at once. These are the houses of the Romans, these their streets, these their manners; there is not a single object but what is remarkable, not a pebble but what is interesting; the most curious of museums is Pompeia.

You first come to the soldier's barracks, which nearly resembles a catholic convent; mills, which were used by them, are still found in several of the apartments; they are of ingenious construction, and there are engravings of them in every collection, but what cannot be engraved is the impression made by the bones of a soldier. You still see the irons with which the unfortunate man was fastened at the moment of the eruption; the judges perished with the accused.

The street which has been cleared is very narrow, it is paved with the lava of Vesuvius; you may still distinguish the tracks of wheels, which prove that the width of the carriages of those days was four feet. There is a foot pavement a yard broad on each side of the street; hence it appears to have been an old custom, and it ought not to have been relinquished.

All the houses are like each other; the smallest as well as the largest have an interior court, with a bathing place in the centre. Almost all are surrounded with a colonnade, and it is worthy of remark, that the same grand taste in architecture still prevails in Italy; a great number of houses in that country have courts with colonnades, almost all Italy stands upon columns. But to return to the houses of Pompeia. Their distribution is very simple and uniform; all the apartments look into the court or towards the peristyle; they are all very small; many of them have no windows, and receive light only at the door, or from an aperture made above. If to this it be added, that these apartments were in general isolated, and had no communication with each other, the reader will have an idea of the houses of the ancients, and will be convinced that many of our poor possess conveniencies superior to those of the rich of that time. It is well worthy of observation, that all the doors are extremely low; and unless the ancients thought fit to stoop whenever they entered a room, it is evident that they were no taller than we are. Here is a new fact to oppose to such as assert that man is continually degenerating.

The Italian taste for painting in fresco is likewise discovered at Pompeia; there are very few apartments but what have paintings of some kind on the walls; several have been already removed, in consequence of a system which I have often censured, but some are still left. The colours must have been excellent, for if a little water be thrown upon them they appear again with some vivacity. These paintings are in general very indifferent, but many are curious on account of the costume of the time, of which they afford a representation, and often the only one that exists; it is in some respect the antiquity of antiquity. Many others exhibit mythological subjects, and are scarcely fit for any thing but to prove how generally was at that time the taste for these ingenious fictions, which even triumph over the abuse that has been made of them, and will ever remain the religion, as it were, of the arts.

Several shops may still be distinguished, and in one of them you may perceive the impression made by cups on the marble with which the counter is covered.

A circumstance which proves the fondness of the ancients for spectacles is, that two theatres have been discovered in the little town of Pompeia. The largest affords a complete idea of the theatres of antiquity, which you may seek in vain to acquire in Herculaneum. It is a semicircular amphitheatre, the numerous seats of which are formed out of the ground itself. This is indisputably the most convenient form for permitting every one to see and to be seen. Such has been in very age the twofold objects of spectacles. Under this term must be comprehended the wrestlers, gladiators, and even the Numachia. It should likewise be observed, that the theatre was almost always the place of assembly for the people, who frequented it as much on matters of business as for pleasure.

Antiquaries greatly admire a small temple of Isis at Pompeia; but there are antique temples in other places, and Roman streets, and Roman houses are to be seen no where else. This temple of Isis is in perfect preservation; you even find the aperture under the spot where stood the statue of the goddess, and through which probably were conveyed the sounds that were ascribed to her. This temple, like every thing discovered here, has been dishonoured; they have taken away and conveyed to the insignificant Portici, Isiac tables, statues, the utensils necessary for the ceremonies, as candelabras, lamps, pateræ, &c.; in a word they have carried off every thing they could; they have not even respected the remains of the ill-fated priests, surprised in the midst of their functions in this temple, which was never intended to be covered, and where, consequently, they had the good fortune to perish immediately.

The more you see of Pompeia the more you regret that this invaluable discovery did not fall into better hands. If this town, dishonoured and mutilated as it is, still excites such a lively interest, what would it have done, if, in the progress of the work of exhumation, the roofs had been replaced, the dilapidations of every kind repaired, and every thing religiously preserved in the place where it was found? This the French government would not have failed to do. I say the French government, because it is acknowledged

that it has possessed since the age of Louis XIV. the noblest public establishments in the universe, and that it still continues to improve and to embellish them.

I think with regret on what it would have done for Pompeia, and on what it would still do; for Pompeia being but partly explored, this plan might be followed for the rest of the town: and if the Neapolitan government were to demand a small sum from the curious, I have no doubt that the produce would more than defray the expence of excavation, and of persons to take care of the place. But my wishes for the execution of this idea, in which I am joined by all the friends of the arts, are stronger than my hopes.

The French, who, 1798, were masters of Naples but for a moment, have left behind them traces of their activity at Pompeia. It produced however, no discovery of importance, and under the circumstances in which their researches were made, they were obliged to carry away every thing they found.

One of the most interesting objects at Pompeia, and that which strangers generally see the last, is a country house that has been discovered at a very little distance from the town. The way to it is delightful, and this only serves to render the tomb into which we descend the more dismal. Yes, the tomb. This building, though the upper part is destroyed, still affords, by its interior construction, a better idea of the houses of the ancients than any other: the very garden is laid open, you see the basons and the divisions. At Pompeia, you only lodge with the Romans, here you may walk with them. You still meet with relics of antiquity; you see amphoræ, once replenished with wine that had undoubtedly survived many consuls; you see—but for my part I could see nothing more after I had visited a subterraneous walk which turns in a square round the garden, and in which were found twenty-seven human skeletons. Here a whole wretched family had time to take refuge; here they awaited that relief which never came, here they long indulged a hope they were at last obliged to renounce; here resounded the cries of terror and the expiring sigh; here horror, hunger, and despair sacrificed their victims. The fiction of Ugolino

vanishes before this terrible reality. Among twenty-seven human creatures, undoubtedly all were not equally good, and equally deserving of regret, but assuredly there was in the number one virtuous man, faithful friends, an affectionate mother, and innocent children. There all human sentiments were burst asunder; there, in profound night, and amid cries of anguish, an old man, the chief of a family, bade the last farewell to his son who was seeking him, to his daughter who still supported him, and to his whole generation which perished with him.

And when I was indulged in these heart-rending reflections, when I contemplated in silence this theatre of destruction, the birds were singing over my head, nature was smiling, the sky pure, the air serene, and even the smoke creeping along the blackened sides, and on the turbulent summit of the distant Vesuvius, was scarcely perceptible.

HISTORY OF RINALDO RINALDINI,*

CAPTAIN OF BANDITTI.

THE boisterous winds rolled over the Appenines like the mountain-waves of the ocean; and the aged oaks bowed their lofty heads to the storm. Rinaldo and Altaverde had kindled a fire beneath a projecting rock, and sat sheltered in a narrow dell. The night was dark, thick clouds concealed the moon, and no cheering star twinkled in the heavens.

* The uncommon celebrity on the Continent of Europe, of the work of which the following is a translation; and the numerous and ornamental editions of it, with which Germany is teeming, would not have been sufficient motives for the present Editor to unite his name with it, had it been a mere imaginary romance; nor did he undertake the translation, however pleasing and interesting the narrative appeared to him, till he had the fullest assurances, private as well as public, of the authenticity of the principal facts.

It further appeared to the translator, that independent of the various moral instruction to be derived from the biography of celebrated and singular characters, the ensuing narrative was particularly valuable, because it is there evident, that the most commanding of all talents, and those which give an individual most power either to benefit or injure mankind, are energy and promptitude of mind.

The German author, who has presented in such interesting points of view, the life and adventures of this extraordinary man, at first modestly concealed his name; but the uncommon eagerness of his countrymen to know to whom they were indebted for facts so judiciously collected and arranged, and related in so pleasing a manner, has at last discovered him. Rinaldo Rinaldini lived in the former part of the seventeenth century. *L. Hinckley, Esq.*

Altaverde. This stormy night exceeds every thing I have ever witnessed! Rinaldo! are you not yet asleep?

Rinaldo. I asleep! I like such weather: it rages here and there, around us, close to us, in this breast of mine, and every where!

Altaverde. Captain, you are no longer the same man you were.

Rinaldo. 'Tis true. Once I was an innocent boy: but now—

Altaverde. You are in love.

Rinaldo. I am a captain of Banditti.

Altaverde. Has your cara sposa found it out? When you appear in great towns and cities, who but takes you for one of the richest noblemen, and of the most ancient house?

Rinaldo. And yet a price is set upon my head!

Altaverde. And who will earn it?

Rinaldo. Perhaps one of my own band.

Altaverde. For shame! They who have sworn fidelity to you will never be guilty of such an action.

Rinaldo. Oh! they are men, and bad men. Good you cannot, by heavens! call one of us

Altaverde. On that we shall differ. But you are in a bad humour. Will you drink?—No. Well, then I'll drink alone. What boots it, now, to lament and grumble? Now it is too late.

Rinaldo. Alas! woe to me, and thee, and all of us, that it is too late!—h, Altaverde? to what end shall we come?

Altaverde. To that which is decreed us by fate; and after we are dead, whether worms, fish, or crows fatten upon us, is more indifferent to us than to hear how his holiness the pope dined; for it will not be our business, at any rate, to pay the grave digger. There is but one road into life for kings and beggars; but there are many doors out of it; and whether we depart by the middle or side door is unimportant. Die we must; and if it be the will of Heaven, we may as well die peaceably in our beds as any other man.

Rinaldo. Peaceably?

Altaverde. And how many die peaceably? Almost every man dies with pain and agony.

Rinaldo. But not with shame and ignominy.

Altaverde. Since you have been in love, one can scarcely say a word to you. Who brought you among us?

Rinaldo. My own thoughtlessness.

Altaverde. Then quarrel with that, and be not enraged against yourself. What is past is past; and all you can do

for yourself is to take care of the future. Do that, and you will have nothing more to reproach yourself with; for if you fall, it will not be your fault. Go; serve your country with your life and fortune; devote your body, your soul, all your thoughts and exertions to its advancement; and still, if Fortune pleases, you may rot in a jail, though innocent of every crime. Are there not innumerable examples? Both ancient and modern history abound in them. How many benefactors of their country have died in chains! Should this, then, be your lot, you will at least have no cause to complain of your country's ingratitude; for you have taken from mankind, and mankind will but take from you in return; and thus your account is balanced.

Rinaldo. As we are old friends, I excuse you when you talk such folly.

Altavérde. For the same reason I excuse your ill humour. My folly, as you call it, makes me a philosopher: but your ill-humour is of no use, and makes you intolerable.—What would you have been, had you still continued at Ostia, tending your father's goats?

Rinaldo. What, alas! I am not now—an honest man.

Altavérde. But you have performed actions for which the most honourable of mankind might envy you.

Rinaldo. They are of no value, for they were done by a public robber.

Altavérde. That cannot subtract from the value of noble actions. The devil himself may act nobly, although he be a devil.

Rinaldo. He who pursues a dishonourable line of life can scarcely perform any thing truly honourable.

Altavérde. A curse on that sentiment! Have you not frequently drawn forth tears of joy? Has no man remembered you in his prayers? Has no man ever given you his blessing?

Rinaldo. Alas! they knew not they were giving it to a robber.

Altavérde. Your noble actions, then, have gained you tears of joy, and the prayers and blessings of mankind.

Rinaldo. Yet they can avail me nothing.

Altavérde. Then learn to flog yourself, and turn monk. Why thus disparage the noble actions you have performed? Have you not often been a more powerful protector of right and justice than the magistrates, whose office rendered it their duty?

Rinaldo. And who gave me a right to do so?

Altaverde. Humanity.

Rinaldo. Oh that it had left me to tend my goats!—I tell you I can neither approve nor boast of my actions; and even should some of them be thought to deserve applause, yet the bad ones are far more numerous, and will doubtless one day bring me to the scaffold.

Altaverde. Are you there already?

Rinaldo. O Altaverde! who knows the hour of his end?

Altaverde. No man; and so much the better: otherwise no one could sleep quietly in his bed; and sleep is the best of all human enjoyments.

Rinaldo. Can *we*, then, sleep quietly.

Altaverde. I am almost asleep now; so good night! take care not to let the fire go out; and when you want to sleep yourself, wake me.

Accordingly Altaverde went to sleep; and Rinaldo, sighing, took up his guitar, and sang:

Once, with the happy, good, and gay,
Sweet Innocence led on my youth;
While, taught through flow'ry vales to stray,
I sported with fair Peace and Truth;
But now, with conscious crimes oppress'd,
Wild gloomy cares, and anxious fears,
I waste my life in fruitless tears,
And, sighing, beat my anguish'd breast.

While free from guilt, from anguish free,
I view'd the cloudless azure skies,
My soul was an unruffled sea,
A mirror of Heaven's peaceful joys:
But now, as raging storms affright,
And rob all nature of her rest,
With horrid crimes my soul oppress'd,
Is darker than the darksome night.

My guardian angel, forc'd away,
With grief my lot to fate consigns;
Despair has mark'd me for her prey;
My soul to torture Peace resigns.
Faded is Hope's once flow'ry wreath,
Now chang'd to Vice's galling chains,
Chang'd all my joys to hell-born pains;
Unblest in life, and infamous in death.

But now one of the dogs, that lay before the fire, barking, Altaverde started up and seized his musket. Rinaldo had scarcely cried out, "Who's there?" before the sign was given that one of their party was arrived. The dogs returned to their rest, and Nicolo joined them.

Altaverde. Well! what's the matter?

Nicolo. I am come to inform you that we have heard the bells of some mules at a distance.

Altaverde. In such a night as this?

Nicolo. They must have lost their way.

Altaverde. You are all still near the hermitage?

Nicolo. All except Pietro and Giambattista, who are out upon the scout. The remaining thirty are all together.

Altaverde. Is not Girolamo still with you?

Nicolo. Yes; and rejoicing already in the capture of the mules.

Altaverde. I do not doubt it.

Rinaldo. Altaverde, had you not better join him? You know Girolamo is not overstocked with prudence.

Altaverde. As you please.

Rinaldo. Send Cinthio to me: I will wait here for him.

Altaverde. 'Tis well.

Rinaldo. And if you can avoid bloodshed—

Altaverde. Most surely, if it be possible.

Nicolo. Captain, will you remain here alone?

Rinaldo. Till Cinthio comes, I will.

Altaverde. Take a little sleep, Captain.

Rinaldo. God grant I may! Leave the dogs with me.

Altaverde. Good night!

Nicolo. A happy meeting!

Thus departed Nicolo and Altaverde. Meanwhile Rinaldo threw some wood on the fire, then lay down beneath a tree, and drew his cloak over his head; while the storm raged above him, and the dry wood loudly cracked in the flame.

"Alas!" cried Rinaldo, with a sigh, "once could I exclaim, with confidence, whenever I closed my eyes to sleep, Protect me, ye guardian angels! but now I can neither pray nor close my eyes in sleep. Oh, that I could relieve this anguish with tears!"

The dogs barked. Rinaldo threw off his cloak, and starting up, seized his pistols. The dogs sprang furiously upon a man: but Rinaldo called them back, approached the stranger, and beheld a venerable old man, with silvered hair and beard, and dressed in a brown great coat. His right hand held a staff; in his left was a lantern, with the light extinguished; and a little dog anxiously leaped about him.

"Who are you?" said Rinaldo, as soon as he had quieted his dogs.

Old Man. I am known by the name of the Old Man of Oriolo-hill, and am come from the adjacent territories.

where, according to my custom, I have been procuring provisions, with which I am returning to my hermitage. But the wind has extinguished my light; and if I am not mistaken, though I know the country pretty well, I have got out of my road. Permit me to light my lamp, and I shall presently find my way. Good night!

Rinaldo. Old man, why do you look so stedfastly at me?

Old Man. I am glad to have found you by this fire, and to have an opportunity to light my lamp.

Rinaldo. And who do you take me to be?

Old Man. To know or not to know who you are is to me indifferent. The knowledge of men is no longer interesting to me.

Rinaldo. I am unfortunate.

Old Man. I am sorry for you.

Rinaldo. My fate has compelled me to wander among the vallies of the Appenines; and Rinaldini the famous robber renders these regions very dangerous.

Old Man. 'Tis true.

Rinaldo. I fear that cruel man.

Old Man. Cruel! 'Tis said he deserves not that reproach. I have myself twice applied to him for favours.—I was desirous of having a letter of protection for my little cottage.

Rinaldo. Do not deceive yourself regarding him.

Old Man. 'Tis of little consequence. The few years I have to live he may rob me of when God Almighty pleases. The debt of nature must one day be paid. If he set fire to my cottage I can build another; gold he will not find, and if he kill my two goats, the farmers of the neighbourhood, who love me much, will give me a couple more.—Be it as God Almighty pleases!

Rinaldo. Are you in want?

Old Man. He who has fortitude feels no want.

Rinaldo. Permit me to do a good action. Take this purse.

Old Man. I do not chuse to contract debts I shall not be able to pay. Neither have I need of money. Adieu! good night!

Thus he departed, nor did Rinaldo venture to detain him longer. He lay down again beneath the tree, and the next time the dogs barked, the morning dawned, and Cinthio arrived.

Cinthio. Captain! What ails you? Why do you no longer continue with your people? You are grown fond of solitude, and fall out with us all.

Rinaldo. I have fallen out with myself, Cinthio. I know not what is the matter with me.

Cinthio. Altaverde says you are in love.

Rinaldo. And so I am.

Cinthio. Well! that is no misfortune.

Rinaldo. Four days ago I was taking a ramble through a small valley, where I saw a maid—Ah! Cinthio, she was an angel. She was gathering berries; I addressed her, and she talked with me as Innocence talks with Vice. Our people then came up, and I was obliged to leave her.—Since that time I have never seen her, nor do I know who she is, or where she lives.

Cinthio. Then forget her.

Rinaldo. That is impossible.

Cinthio. Man can do whatever he resolves to do.

Rinaldo. That is not true. Otherwise I could become an honest man.

Cinthio. Discourage not our people with these thoughts. Cast up your own account of evil when you please; but keep it to yourself.

Rinaldo said no more, but silently lay down beneath the tree, and at length went to sleep. When he awoke the sun was risen, the storm was past, the clouds dispersed, and Cinthio had been joined by two more of their party.—They sat with him round the fire, and were preparing chocolate.

Cinthio. Good morning, Captain.

The others. Good morning.

Rinaldo. I thank you. Give me a dish of chocolate.

Paolo. 'Tis extremely good.

Girolamo. True Spanish chocolate. Altaverde sends you word, that we have taken the mules. There are three of them. They were loaded with the baggage of a Neapolitan Prince, and were going to Florence, if we had not changed their destination. The booty however was not great.

Rinaldo. Were any men killed?

Girolamo. The three muleteers. The rascals might have discovered us, and there are more muleteers in the world. Altaverde is dividing the plunder. He found this little case in one of the packages and sends it to you.

Rinaldo opened it, and beheld the portrait of a beautiful girl in the habit of a nun, and on the reverse that of a young man in uniform. The setting was not rich, but very tasty.

Soon after came Altaverde with a numerous troop of Rinaldo's party, who pitched their tents, made a fire, and cooked their dinner; after which they sang, danced, drank and played.

Rinaldo concerted with Altaverde new measures of safety; and when the troop divided to take their respective posts, Rinaldo crossed the mountains into another small valley, where he laid himself down under a tree by the side of a fountain.

Here Altaverde brought him a paper relative to the division of the spoil, which he signed, and towards noon returned to his joyous companions, where a grand feast waited his arrival.

"Captain!" said Girolamo—"Your people observe that you are unhappy, and are anxious to know what has befallen you. Perhaps you wish for something we can procure you; if so, it shall be obtained, even should we purchase it with our lives. But if it is mere caprice or low spirits that disturb you, we beg you to drive them away, and not to make us out of humour with you also."

Rinaldo having for a few moments silently cast his eyes around the company that encircled him, at length addressed them in these words:

"Have you read the declaration of the Republics of Venice, Genoa, and Lucca? It has been publicly proclaimed. A price is set upon my head."

"Heed it not, Captain!" they all exclaimed with one accord. "No man will earn it."

"Who will dare to touch the hair of your head," said Girolamo, "while we are with you?"

And, as he said this, he waved his sabre. The rest followed his example, crying,

"Our life and blood, Captain, are yours as long as we have breath."

[To be continued in the next number.]

[*Continued from page 12.*]

ALTAVERDE now showed the partition paper, and each took his share with perfect content. After dinner they again played, sang, danced and made merry.

As Rinaldo was lying under a tree, Florilla, an Amazonian of his troop, came up to him, seated herself by him, and began to clean her pistols.

Florilla. The price, Captain, that has been set upon your head, is not the only cause of your dejection. A man like you trembles not for distant dangers. I doubt not the cause is much nearer home.

Rinaldo. What do you mean.

Florilla. I cannot be mistaken. The seat of your complaint, I believe, is your heart.

Rinaldo. Doubtless many things oppress me there.

Florilla. Half a year ago 'twas so with me.

Rinaldo. Half a year ago?

Florilla. But now 'tis past. At that time I was foolishly in love with you.

Rinaldo. With me?

Florilla. I thought you must have perceived it.

As she said this, she threw down the pistols and arose.

"I absolutely thought," added she, "that I *must* be the Captain's sweetheart:" and thus saying, she left him.

Rinaldo's eyes pursued her steps. He then arose from his uneasy resting place and immediately gave the signal appointed for calling his people together.

"It is my intention," said he to them, "to remove to the mountains of Albonigo. You will therefore strike your tents, call in the out posts, and at night halt in the valley of St. James's Chapel. To-morrow, at noon, you will be in the plains of the Four Hills of La Cera. If my plan succeeds, we shall strike a bold stroke."

Upon this they all huzzaed for joy, and packed up their baggage. The posts were called in, and Girolamo set forward with the van. Then followed Altaverde with the main body, and Cintheo brought up the rear. What route Rinaldo meant to take no man knew.

He took his guittar and his arms, and accompanied by two dogs went to the spot whither the old man was gone the preceding night.

He soon found a footpath, and when the lengthened shadows marked the approach of evening, he perceived through the trees a small cottage near the ridge of a mountain; to this he directed his steps, and, before he reached it, saw the old man above spoken of grubbing up roots.

They saluted each other, and seemed mutually embarrassed. At length the old man, endeavouring to collect himself, inquired,

"Have you not yet found the great road?"

"I have not been seeking it," replied Rinaldo. "I only sought for your abode, to ask you for a night's lodging. If you deny my request, and refuse me your protection, I shall remain as you found me last night, in the open air."

Old Man. You may pass the night here, but you will be very ill accommodated.

Rinaldo. They who can rest at all, are always accommodated.

Old Man. A bed of hay.

Rinaldo. I am not very nice; and, as you saw, I was harder lodged last night. My unhappy fate——

Old Man. What brings you into these solitudes;

Rinaldo. The consequences of an unfortunate moment.

Old Man. Perhaps you have killed your antagonist in an affair of honour as it is called?

Rinaldo. Excuse my answering that question.

Old Man. If you can take up with what you will find, you may follow me.

Rinaldo now accompanied him in silence, till they arrived at the hermitage, where he was shewn into a small but neat and clean apartment. A couple of tables and a few chairs were all its furniture; on one of the tables lay a latin bible, on which stood a crucifix, and on the other a piece of netting, which Rinaldo immediately observed; but it presently occurred to him, that it was possible the old man might himself sometimes net. Meanwhile the old man removed the work, as he observed that his guest seemed to consider it with uncommon attention. Rinaldo, however, did not venture to ask, whether it was his own work, and the old man for a while left the room.

He returned with a lighted lamp; and Rinaldo then drew two bottles of wine from his pockets, and set them on the table, saying,

"When we have drank a glass of wine together we shall be better acquainted."

"An acquaintance (replied the old man) that is formed between two honest men by a bottle of wine, often becomes as hearty as the wine itself, which is the most heart-inspiring liquor heaven ever gave to mortals. It will be the best part of our supper; for I can only offer you bread and cheese, some butter, and a few melons, which I gathered this morning."

"'Tis enough, my good friend, for us two; or even had we a third to join us, said Rinaldo."

Upon which the old man quickly answered:

"A third! is any one else ——"

"No one with me. But here, perhaps ——"

"Not a soul lives here but myself, my little dog, and a pair of turtle doves."

Rinaldo was silent. But the old man asked:

"How came you to think of finding any one here besides me?"

Rinaldo smiled, opened the table-drawer and shewed him the netting.

"Ah! (answered the old man) Yes, that netting does indeed belong to a third person; but one that does not live here. She forgot it this morning and left it here."

Upon this the old man left his guest, and went to bring in their frugal repast.

Meanwhile Rinaldo examined the apartment more particularly, and opened a door that led into a small room. Here he saw the old man's bed, over which hung a pair of

pistols, between two paintings in oil. He took the lamp, examined the paintings, and immediately hastened back.

The pictures were of the very same persons of which miniatures had been brought him that morning as booty ; (the nun and the officer) to which they were so exactly alike, that it was impossible he could be mistaken. Thus he left the chamber, and returned pensive to his place.

The old man, whom we shall call Donato, now brought supper, and as soon as he had pronounced a short prayer, seated himself with his guest at table.

When they had both eaten heartily, emptied the first bottle, and opened the second, a conversation, by no means uninteresting, arose.

Rinaldo. Let us drink the health of the aforesaid third person, be she here or not.

Donato. With all my heart ! but here she certainly is not.

Rinaldo. I do not mean to doubt your word.

Donato. And yet I perceive you do not believe it.

Rinaldo. And of what importance is it ?

Donato. To me, of much. I would not pass for a man that would assert a falsehood.—At a farm about a league off, beyond the mountain, there lives a maid, who sometimes calls here, and who left her netting this morning.

Rinaldo. Is she the farmer's daughter ?

Donato. His foster child, not his own. She is a good-natured, innocent girl, and I love her as a father loves his offspring ; for she is worthy of my esteem, and of that of the whole world. Her health, with all my heart !

They ceased and drank. Then followed a pause. At length the old man, whom the wine made garrulous, renewed the conversation.

Donato. May I ask you of what country you are ?

Rinaldo. I am a Roman.

Donato. A Roman ? born in Rome itself ?

Rinaldo. No ; in the neighboring country ?

Donato. Countryman your hand ! I am also a Roman born. Yet I am by no means proud of my birth. 'Tis an ungrateful country.

Rinaldo. Have you experienced it ?

Donato. I have been very ill used. Even the imperial tribunal of the Ruota and their sentences could not—but enough !—I live here in peace, and forgive my enemies. Rome no longer produces men. She knows not how to support her dignity, and her inhabitants are licentious, cruel, and unjust.—How have they treated you ?

Rinaldo. My misfortunes were the consequence of my errors.

Donato. That would be my consolation, could I thus accuse myself. But I have suffered innocently.

Rinaldo was about to reply, when they clearly distinguished the voices of men before the hermitage, who constantly approached, and at length knocked at the door.

"What is that?" exclaimed Rinaldo with astonishment.

Donato quietly opened the window and inquired who was there?

"Open the door," cried a voice from without.

"There are armed men at the door, (said Donato.) They may be police officers or soldiers. If you have reason to fear such visitors, go into that room, and so out of the window into the garden; then get over the hedge, and go straight forward, till you come to some rocks, among which, to the left, you may conceal yourself in a grotto.—I will open the door presently, that nobody may suspect any thing."

Rinaldo now called his dogs, and went into the other chamber, while Donato opened the door to the strangers.

Six armed men entered, and followed him into the parlour; meanwhile Rinaldo overheard what passed.

"Who are you?"

"I am the hermit, Donato."

"Are you alone?"

"I live entirely alone."

"Do you know us?"

"How is it possible?"

"Do you fear us?"

"Even were you police officers, an innocent man could not fear you."

"You mistake us; we are no spies for justice to lean on when she is lame. Where is your money?"

"In this purse. Here it is."

"Go to the devil with your paltry pence. Give us more."

"'Tis all the money I possess."

"We do not believe you."

"'Tis the truth."

"You are no beggar; there stands your wine, you rogue. Bring us more wine."

"'Tis a present, and I have no more."

"Blood and thunder! Here two people have been eating. You are not alone. Knock the rascal down, he has told us a lie."

"I had a visitor:——."

“ Bind the old sinner ! and make him confess.”

“ Be merciful and——”

“ More money !”

“ Take whatever you can find. Money I have none.

“ You obstinate villain ! won’t you confess then ?”

Upon this the robbers fell upon Donato, who cried aloud for help, though without knowing whence it could come, when Rinaldo suddenly opened the door, and taking out a pistol, demanded in a voice of thunder :

“ What is your business here ?”

“ Heavens ! our captain !”—exclaimed one of the gang ; while they all took off their hats, and released the trembling hermit, who tottered to a chair, repeating in a broken voice :

“ The captain ?

“ Are these your deeds of heroism ?” continued Rinaldo —“ Dare you to disgrace my name with such actions ? Are you indeed of Rinaldini’s band ? Have you such necessities as to force the last penny from the hand of poverty ? Is this your bravery, to bind an unarmed man ? Which is the villain that first laid hands on this feeble old man ?”

A profound silence now ensued, after which Rinaldo continued with increasing vehemence :

“ Which was the villain ? Name him, or I will shoot the first that stands before me.”

“ ’Twas Paolo,” murmured the man that stood next to Rinaldo : upon which, without another word, Rinaldo instantly fired at him, and broke his arm. Paolo fell ; but his companions continued motionless.

“ And why (said Rinaldo, with a look of rage) have you departed from your route ?”

“ We were in search of you, captain,” replied one of them.

“ Is it your business to dog me where’er I go ? (continued Rinaldo.) Go join the main body. You know our laws ; you know what you have done, and the punishment you deserve. Take with you this base fellow, who belongs not to Rinaldini’s company, and wait my coming, and your sentence to-morrow.

Upon this the robbers departed, carrying Paolo with them ; while Donato remained silent and trembling in his chair.

Rinaldo now approached him, took his hand, and pressing it, said :

“ Be not alarmed, good old man !”

“ Open that closet,” cried Donato, in a broken voice—
“ and give me the little bottle of drops.”

Which Rinaldo having done, he poured out a spoonful at Donato's request, and gave it him. Donato swallowed it, and seemed to come to himself.

Donato. So you are Rinaldini himself?

Rinaldo. I am.

Donato. I am indebted to you for my life, and yet cannot rejoice in your acquaintance.

Rinaldo. What have you to fear?

Donato. Your name alone is frightful, and yourself terrible.

Rinaldo. Alas! that it should be so!

Donato. Your actions here before my eyes fill my heart with fear and terror.

Rinaldo. And mine with grief. Oh! that I could have spared myself and you this scene! but you know not these horrible beings. Fear and terror alone can restrain them.

Donato. And are you not yourself afraid of such monsters?

Rinaldo. Even if I feared them, I must not let them have the least suspicion of it.

Donato. Unhappy man! Into what a connexion have you fallen!

Rinaldo. Friend! the goodness of your heart unites me to you; for you are worthy of my confidence. You shall know my whole story. But not now; for it would affect you too much, and you need repose. Let me lead you to bed. I will await the morning in a chair.

Rinaldo now conducted Donato to bed, and wrapping himself up in his cloak, threw himself into a chair. It was not, however, till long after midnight, that he fell asleep, and he awoke with the first rays of the sun.

"I am very ill, said Donato with a sigh, when Rinaldo approached his bed to inquire after his health.

"I wished to be of service to you," said Rinaldo, "and came to give you protection; but am the innocent cause of your present illness, which I assure you gives me the greatest pain. Do not, however, take my good intention ill."

"By no means," replied Donato, in a faint voice; "on the contrary, I am thankful to Providence for sending you hither; otherwise I should most probably have been murdered."

He then requested him to fetch some bottles of physic out of the closet, and having directed him how to mix it, swallowed a spoonful, after which a soft sleep soon closed his eyes.

Rinaldo now went out to taste the morning air, and with expanding heart admired the beauties of the rising sun — With majestic glory the king of day advanced amid a blaze of light, rising above the misty summits of the mountains, and darted his genial rays into the narrow vale where Donato dwelt. The birds celebrated the magnificent return of day with a hymn of joy ; and Rinaldo in pensive mood covered his face and sighed.

“ Even on me the golden sun, (said he) bestows his light ; on me, as on all men, whether good or bad ; on me, to whom his beneficent rays are as the lightning’s flash, threatening destruction to my guilty conscience.”

Rinaldo now heard a rustling near him in the hedge, when raising his eyes the beauteous maid he had seen and talked with a few days before, but whom he had not since met, approached him.

Struck and embarrassed with this incident, both stood silent during a few moments, till at length Rinaldo addressed her in the following words :

“ Are you not the virtuous maid of the neighbouring farm-house, who sometimes visits the hermit Donato ?”

Aurelia. I am.

Rinaldo. And what is your name ?

Aurelia. Aurelia ; and you are the man who spoke with me a few days ago, as I was gathering berries ?

Rinaldo. The same. The friend of your friend Donato.

Aurelia. And where is he ?

Rinaldo. He is asleep.

Aurelia. Asleep so late. He must surely be ill.

Rinaldo. Indeed he is not well.

Aurelia. Good God ! what ails him ?

Rinaldo. A trifling indisposition. He will soon be better. He will be better when he has slept. We must not disturb him.

Aurelia. I will go and tell my father. Poor Donato is old and weak, and must want assistance.

Rinaldo. We will give him whatever assistance he needs.

Aurelia. We ?—I do not know you well enough to stay here in your company.

Rinaldo. Be not afraid, fair maiden !

Aurelia. You are a stranger and——

Rinaldo. I am the friend of Donato.

Aurelia. I must hear that from his own mouth.

Rinaldo. You shall.

Aurelia. Well ! I will wait for his confirmation.—But till then I must not stay here alone with you.

Rinaldo. Of what are you afraid?

Aurelia. Afraid? I—

Rinaldo. I pledge my word of honour, and my most solemn oath, that you have nothing to fear?

Aurelia. Who are you then?

Rinaldo. A traveller.

Aurelia. And yet stay so long in this place?

Rinaldo. I am much pleased with the situation.

Aurelia. Among the mountains?

Rinaldo. Among the mountains where dwells so lovely a maid.

Aurelia. If you mean me, I live beyond the mountains.

Rinaldo. Yes; Donato told me so.

Aurelia. Have you then spoken with him of me? How came you to fall on such a subject?

Rinaldo. Through your netting.

Aurelia. A ha!

A rustling was now heard in the hedge, and Rinaldo looking towards it, Cinthio gave him the wink. Aurelia hastened into the hermitage.

“Captain!” said Cinthio, “your presence among us is necessary. There is an alarm.”

“Wait for me,” replied Rinaldo; and instantly entered the hermitage.

“My dear girl,” said he to Aurelia, “stay with Donato.”

Aurelia. That I certainly shall, since he is ill.

Rinaldo. And when he awakes, tell him I shall soon return.

Aurelia. Whither then are you going?

Rinaldo. My servant calls my attention to my baggage, were a trifling accident demands my presence. Farewell, dear girl, and forget me not. Be kind to my memory.

Aurelia. How do you know that I am not so already?

Rinaldo. O yes.

Aurelia. Who told you so?

Rinaldo. My heart.

Aurelia. Believe it not. Farewell.

Rinaldo [pressed her hand, and] hurrying out, accompanied Cinthio to the spot where his people had passed the night.

“’Tis well you are come, Captain,” cried several voices, confusedly. “We would know——”

“Be silent,” thundered Rinaldo. Girolamo, read the fifth and sixth article of our laws aloud!”

This being done, Rinaldo related the scene he had witness-

ed at the hermitage, and concluded with a proclamation to this effect: "Now let our compact and our laws decide."

"Pardon! pardon! pardon! pardon for Paolo!" cried several voices.

Rinaldo was silent.

Paolo, who lay on the ground, and recently had his wound bound, cried out for pardon in a faint voice.

Rinaldo was still silent.

Girolamo now went up to him, and begged that Paolo might be pardoned.

Rinaldo made no reply.

Florilla now went up to him and said; "Captain! in the name of all the pangs I have suffered for you, I beg for Paolo's pardon; for on him I have fixed my affections, in the hope of suppressing and exterminating my passion for you."

"Like you, (said Rinaldo) I am subject to the law, and have no power to pardon him."

"Be no longer subject to the law, (cried they all) you shall be our legislator, and shall have power to pardon."

"If that be your will——"

"We swear it."

"Then be Paolo pardoned, and his companions also.—But with one condition."

"Pronounce it."

"That this be the first and last occasion on which such conduct can be forgiven."

"Be it so."

"And further—I adjudge that Paolo and his companions, who maltreated that venerable old man, shall give him two goats, two barrels of wine, and a dozen fowls."

"Bravo! Bravo!—Long live our noble Captain!"

Thus, amid rejoicings, music and acclamations, Rinaldo now took his breakfast before his tent, and having attended awhile to the amusements of his people, signed various papers at his desk, and written and sealed some instructions, he directed the whole corps to be assembled. They soon formed a large circle around him, and waited in silent expectation, till Rinaldo, who continued sitting, thus began:

[To be Continued.]

[Continued from page 116.]

"Here Girolamo, I give you an order, which you will open at Borgo, where the state of affairs will determine whether or not you are to proceed to Arezzo. The business that calls you thither requires prudence, which, however, to you I have no occasion particularly to recommend. You, Florilla, I send to Bibiena, where you will endeavour to learn how we are spoken of. Nicolo and Sebastiano will cross the woods to Bosina. To you, Amadeo, I give charge of the woods of Anghiarto, Altaverde will take six or eight men with him, and endeavour to secure the person of the Mayor of Brancolino, these orders contain the particulars of that expedition. Towards evening Mattheo will remove with twenty men to the South Mountains, and take possession of the pass of Caprile. Alsetto will remain here with thirty men till further orders. Cinthio will choose out twelve men, and draw off the left into the poplar valley of Oriolo, near the pass among the rocks. Here is the watchword. The detached corps will keep as close together as possible during three days, in the western plains, before the forest of Marcia. And now let these plans be executed without delay."

All were now in motion, and Rinaldo having loaded his two great dogs with provisions and medicines, returned to the hermitage.

Aurelia was no longer there; but a young peasant-boy, a son of her friend the neighbouring farmer, stood by Donato's bed, who was awake and said he was better.

Donato now sent away his young attendant, desiring him to fetch some wood, and Rinaldo gave the old man a few spoonfuls of the corroborative physic, which he had with him, but did not venture to enter on a subject to which, however, at length Donato himself led the discourse.

Donato. I hope soon to be quite re-established.

Rinaldo. 'Tis what I most sincerely wish.

Donato. You are come perhaps to take leave of me.

Rinaldo. Do you imagine so?

Donato. I hope it. Now I know who you are, I would not that any one should know I am acquainted with you.— You know the world, and that all men depend on the opinion entertained of them by others. I thank you for the preservation of my life; but no man shall be informed by me that I have given lodging to the dreaded Rinaldini, on whose head so high a price has been set. Aurelia has made me her confidant.

Rinaldo. Has she so?

Donato. You ought not to have said to her what you have.

Rinaldo. But I confess to you that I am in love with her?

Donato. Is it possible? Can you expect she will return your love when she learns who you are?

Rinaldo. And why need she know it?

Donato. Would you then deceive her?

Rinaldo. How? Suppose I renounce my way of life, and—

Donato. 'Tis too late.

Rinaldo. I will tell her.

Donato. You must not see her more.

Rinaldo. How?

Donato. She is about to take the veil.

Rinaldo. Who has—?

Donato. I have brought it about.

Rinaldo. Indeed! Then be assured I will bring about the contrary.

Donato. What will you do?

Rinaldo. That you shall learn.

Donato. Do nothing that is dishonourable or base.— If you really love Aurelia, how can you wish to make her unhappy? But you do not love her with the purity with which she deserves to be loved. You cannot love her in an honourable way, and your passion is a crime. Aurelia must be rescued from your sight. Or would you take her with

you amid your lawless band, and deliver her up to that justice which will surely sooner or later overtake you, as an accomplice? Is it not enough that you are what you are? Then leave the girl to live and die with honour. If you leave me soon you will confer on me an obligation, for I expect several visitors.

Rinaldo. Not through fear; for that is a stranger to my breast: through complaisance I will. But let me first ask you, whom do the portraits represent that hang over your bed?

Donato. They are my friends, and persons of quality.

Rinaldo. The one in the dress of a nun and the other in uniform?

Donato. From this very man, whose portrait you see, I expect a visit. He is going to Florence, and his mules with their baggage have been taken from him on the mountains, probably by your people. The drivers were shot, except one, who, being very young, ran away: he took refuge with Aurelia's foster-father, where my friend, whose portrait you see, now is.

Rinaldo. If he is your friend give him this; for perhaps he would not willingly lose it.

So saying, he gave Donato the case containing the portraits he had received out of the booty found with the mules. Donato took it, opened the case, and no sooner beheld the portraits than he kissed them both.

Donato. You have made me a present of great value, which the right owner shall have again.

Rinaldo. And will you not tell me his name?

Donato. For why?

Rinaldo. Perhaps I may be of service to him for your sake?

Donato was about to reply, when the peasant-boy suddenly came in crying—

“They are coming! they are coming!”

And immediately after entered the very person who was the subject of their conversation. He was dressed in uniform, and bore a cross of the order of Malta. With him came two peasants belonging to the farmer, and the brother of the latter.

The stranger cast a piercing look at Rinaldo, who returned it in such a manner that the former turned his eyes away; then giving Donato his hand, and saying, “A speedy recovery;” he departed from the hermitage.

The Chevalier of Malta, however, hurried after him, and came to the door of the hermitage as Rinaldo happened to look back, and perceiving him, stopped. Upon which the Chevalier went up to him, and said :

“ I believe, Sir, I have had the pleasure of seeing you somewhere before.”

Rinaldo. That is very possible.

Chevalier. Are you not the person who called himself Donato's friend, and spoke this morning with a young woman named Aurelia.

Rinaldo. I am.

Chevalier. You are a traveller ?

Rinaldo. I am.

Chevalier. May I ask your name ?

Rinaldo. You shall hear it when you have told me yours.

Chevalier. My name is neither a secret nor matter of suspicion.

Rinaldo. Who imagines it to be so ?

Chevalier. I am the prince of Roccella.

Two of Rinaldo's people now brought the goats, the fowls, and the wine, which Paolo was sentenced to give, as a peace offering, to the hermit, and which Rinaldo delivered to the young peasant, saying :

“ These are for my friend Donato : he knows of them already. You may tell him by and by that they are all arrived.”

He then turned again to the Prince, who was waiting for his answer and to know his name :

Rinaldo. If you come from the farm-house where Aurelia lives, tell me whether she is still there ?

Prince. I know not how—

Rinaldo. How I came to ask that question when you were expecting to hear my name ?

Prince. In truth that was my meaning.

Rinaldo. If possible, excuse my telling my name ; a false one I ought not to give you, and my true name—

Prince. 'Tis impossible I can mistake. I saw you about half a year ago at Florence, under the name of the Marquis of Pepoli : did I not ? We talked of the German houses, and you grew warm when a story was told of that notorious robber Rinaldini, which tended much to his prejudice.

One of Rinaldo's people now gave him the wink very significantly. He understood the signal, and approaching the prince with great confidence, said, “ Know that I am Rinaldini himself,” and instantly hastened away.

Rinaldo now inquired of his comrade what was the matter? and received for answer, "Cinthio hesitates to approach the Poplar Vale near Oriolo, as a caravan of travellers have taken up their quarters there."

Upon this Rinaldo hastened to Cinthio, and found him and his party among the bushes of a pleasant hill; where he learnt from himself what had been reported to him, and, after some reflection, gave the following orders:

"Wheel off with your people to the right, pursue the high road, and keep the road from Oriolo to the convent of San Benedetto constantly in sight. If you meet with a beautiful young woman in a carriage, stop it and carry off the girl without further ceremony; and at dusk we will meet again upon this very spot."

Upon this he disguised his face with brown paint, dressed himself as a hunter, and took with him one of his companions, called Severo, also dressed as a hunter, and armed like him with a double barreled gun, some pocket-pistols and a hanger. Thus equipped, and accompanied by his dogs, they proceeded to the Poplar Vale.

When they came to the hill that commanded the valley, they perceived a tent pitched, and near it some mules grazing, and several men dispersed here and there, who seemed to be cooking their supper by a large fire they had lighted.

Having observed them for some time, they perceived two ladies in the tent, and at a small distance from it unloaded baggage, and the muleteers lying near their charge.

About forty paces from this spot ran a murmuring brook, hurrying down the hill into this beautiful valley; and hither came a fine active youth belonging to the company, with an empty vessel, to draw water. When the youth saw Rinaldo, he screamed and would have fled, had not Rinaldo called to him saying:

"Stop, young man!—Do you belong to yonder company?"

"Yes I do belong to them," said the boy, terrified and hesitating.

"And who are those ladies in the tent?"

"The Marchioness of Altanare and her sister. We are coming from San Leo, and are going to Florence."

Rinaldo gave his companion the wink, and they both went up to the tent, when the attendants of the marchioness saluted and stared at them, and her equerry came out to them, while the ladies listened, at the entrance, to the following conversation:

"Whence are you, my good friends?"

Rinaldo replied: "I am the forester of Sorsina, and am pursuing a bye-road with my servant. On seeing your company I felt a strong desire to know who you are, and so I came to give you a hint to be upon your guard; for Rinaldini's troop are now among these mountains."

"Oh, heavens!" cried one of the ladies, "I am dreadfully alarmed!"

"And why so?" said the equerry, "we are numerous enough to oppose force to force."

"Humph!" said Rinaldo, smiling; "that will avail but little; for Rinaldini's men are very devils."

Lady. Heavens why are those banditti suffered to commit their depredations so quietly and so undisturbed?

Rinaldo. Because men are afraid of them.

Equerry. How strong may they be?

Rinaldo. Who can tell their strength? Rinaldini is an outlaw, and a price by no means contemptible is set upon his head. Between ourselves, I have been above a week in search of him, in hopes of gaining the reward. If he comes within reach of my gun he shall certainly never escape.

Equerry. Do you know his person then?

Rinaldo. He has been very fully and accurately described.

Equerry. In fact 'tis said he has no courage at all himself, and that his people are obliged to do all for him.

Rinaldo. So; then they must all be fools.

Equerry. And you think he is now here in the neighbourhood?

Rinaldo. I am certain of it. We are eighteen of us, and all hunters and good marksmen. We are constantly watching for him, and have agreed if we take him to divide the reward.

Lady. And what are you to receive then when you take the villain?

Rinaldo. In Venice, Genoa, Lucca, and Florence, money will be paid for his head, making together a sum of three or four thousand sequins: so that each of us will receive something. The times are very bad. 'Tis certain, however, we run the risk of our lives, and some of us may bite the dust.

Lady. The troops ought to be sent out against the cut-purse.

Rinaldo. And so they have, Madam, but without success; he is too cunning for them, and has hiding holes

where he keeps on the defensive. The militia of Lucca can tell a pretty story of that kind. Three hundred of them were driven over hill and dale by eighty men under Rinaldini's command. They had seventy men killed, and have never since dared to stir a step against them.

Lady. 'Tis really terrible to think what depredations such a vagabond may commit.

Rinaldo. 'Tis very true ! Besides, he is a very desperate fellow, and very often has adventures, even when quite alone, which would make you split your sides with laughing.

Lady. I should like to see one of these adventures.

Rinaldo. Suppose you stood here quite off your guard, and near you your equerry, and all your attendants collected round your tent ; then holding one pistol to your breast with his left hand, and another with his right to your equerry, (while his companions take care of the rest of the company,) he says, I demand your rings, your watches, and one hundred sequins.—I am Rinaldini !

These words being accompanied with the action they described, the marchioness screamed, and the equerry almost fell backwards with surprise.

Equerry. Come, Mr. Forester, no jokes if you please.

Rinaldo. No, no ; no joke, I assure you : I am quite serious, Mr. Equerry.

Equerry. How ?

Lady. For God's sake !

Rinaldo. You wished to see a little of Rinaldini. You see him now.

Lady. Are you really—

Rinaldo. I am Rinaldini. Now no more preliminaries. I have complied with your wish, and you must comply with mine, that of possessing your watches, your rings, and the trifling sum of one hundred sequins. I will then give you a protection on shewing which none of my people will touch a hair of your head till you arrive at Florence.

Trembling from head to foot, the Marchioness took off her rings, and delivered her watch and purse to Rinaldini, who said :

“ Have you seen enough of Rinaldini ? ”—And departed.

No one, however, was bold enough to pursue him.

Night drew in, and his company assembled at the appointed spot, without having met with the expected carriage.—At this Rinaldo appeared dejected, and, after taking one of his frugal suppers, lay down to rest beneath a poplar ; where, having wrapped himself up in his cloak, he soon fell asleep.

His companions lighted a fire, set two men to keep watch, and laid down to rest, after Severro had related to them Rinaldo's joke with the Marchioness.

Towards morning they all arose with one accord, being awakened by repeated firings; and having instantly seized their arms, they heard a cry from the sentinels, flying, "We are surrounded."

"Surrounded!" exclaimed Rinaldo.

The sentinels now pointed to the neighbouring peaks and vallies, and arms glittered around them on all sides.

Severro. Captain! What is to be done?

Rinaldo. Fight.

Severro. That's of course. But we, a handful of men, and—

Rinaldo. We must draw hither as many of our party as we can. Alsetto, with his thirty men, is still encamped on the old ground, and here we are twelve men strong. Blow the alarm-horns, and load your arms double.

The vallies now resounded with the horn, and the echoes gave back the sound. Again a horn was heard quite close to them, and presently Altaverde joined them with five of their friends.

"Comrades," cried they, "we are surrounded. Both militia and regular troops are moving towards us, and our friends Nero and Rispero have fallen into the hands of the militia."

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed Rinaldo.

And immediately horns were heard at a distance, then nearer and nearer, till at length they perceived Alsetto and his corps advancing towards them across the valley.

They were now forty-nine men strong, who all cried with one accord:

"Captain, let us attack!"

"Be it so (said Rinaldo) only I would first learn where the militia are placed. Then we may easily cut our way through."

A few moments after he called to them to wheel to the left, and drew them off into the vale below.

They had marched a few hundred paces, when they saw a paper lying on the ground, which Altaverde took up and delivered to Rinaldo, who opened it and read as follows:

"In the name of the government a free pardon is hereby offered to any one of Rinaldo's men who shall voluntarily quit his service and go over to the regular troops. And whosoever shall bring the head of Rinaldini, shall receive, besides his pardon, a reward of five hundred sequins."

Rinaldo then folded up the paper, saying,

"Comrades, this paper promises you a free pardon if you will go over to the troops and put yourselves wholly and entirely in their power."

"And is it signed by the Grand Duke?" said Alsetto.

"By no man. 'Tis a scrap of paper without date, place or signature," replied Rinaldo.

"Then we should be the most credulous of fools, (cried Altaverde) to risk our lives at the mere demand of a subaltern officer. 'Tis written by some coward, who is afraid to fight us, and, had we yielded, nobody would have avowed this engagement. We should only have been made a jest of and hung, as indeed we should justly deserve. Captain, tear it in pieces, and let us send it back to them as wadding from our guns. We will singe the writer's beard with his own treacherous promises."

"Comrades (said Rinaldo,) it is my opinion that we should advance towards the frontiers of the ecclesiastical state, and cut our way through the militia into the forest of Marle."

"Let us go! Let us march!" they all cried.

Thus they crossed the valley, and drew off towards the opposite hill. They had almost gone round it, and were very near the frontiers, when they fell in with a piquet of militia, whom they unexpectedly attacked with so much vigour, that they drove them back. But presently after they met with a detachment of above a hundred and fifty men, rapidly advancing upon them.

"Comrades (cried Rinaldini) now defend yourselves bravely! We are but three steps from the frontiers, and the woods are scarcely a hundred paces off. If we are taken alive, we shall die upon the wheel or the gallows. Let us, then rather die like the brave, sword in hand. If we are but courageous, we shall certainly cut our way through.—Let us be bold and quick."

As he spoke these words, he gave the signal by firing a pistol, and rushed upon the enemy; and his companions followed his example. The fury with which the attack was made at first threw their opponents into confusion, and at length they began to yield; when one of their officers reproached them with their cowardice, put himself at their head, and advanced into the hottest of the battle.

A dreadful slaughter now took place. Alsetto fell fighting by the side of Rinaldo, and three of his companions with him. Altaverde, Cinthio, Severro, and Rinaldo still fought

like lions. Musket-balls and sabres fell with the rapidity of a hail-shower. Severro had his head cut open, and fell; and twelve of the banditti were killed near him by musket-balls and sabres. Rinaldo, with his united forces, attacked the flanks of the regulars, and at length fortunately reached the frontiers, though separated from his men. Here he was attacked by two dragoons, one of whom he shot, and the other took to flight.

[To be Continued.]

[Continued from page 156.]

TIRED and fainting, he reached the wood ; and concealing himself in a thick bush, sank down on the earth with a panting heart, and almost senseless.

He did not come to himself till mid-day, and then felt himself much oppressed by a most burning thirst. He therefore roused himself, and penetrated further into the forest, till he came to a fountain, where he lay down and refreshed himself. On examining his pockets, he found two biscuits, which he swallowed with the greatest avidity ; and then creeping into a bush, began to reflect.

Hunger, however, soon drew him from his retreat. He got up, examined his arms, filled his bottle with water, and set forward.

He had not gone far before he heard footsteps ; and having listened for some time, perceived a peasant, with a basket, walking quietly along. He therefore advanced to meet him, accosted him, and inquired whether he had any thing to eat.

The peasant having first stared at him with surprize and curiosity, informed him he was carrying some cheese and sausages to a neighbouring town. Rinaldo offered to purchase them, took as much of his provisions as his pouch would hold, and paid for them without treating about the price ; after which the peasant, seeing he was so well paid for his provisions, added a loaf asked for by Rinaldo, but which the former had brought to eat on the road.

“ What news have you ? ” said Rinaldo.

“ This morning,” replied the peasant, “ there has been much blood shed upon the frontiers.”

“ How so ? ”

“ The troops of Tuscany have caught that thief Rinaldini.”

“ So, they have caught him, have they ? ”

“ Yes, though both he and his men defended themselves like devils. But they were all shot or cut to pieces.”

“ All ? ”

“ Every one of them.”

“ And Rinaldini himself, too ? ”

“ Rinaldini himself.”

"That is very good news."

"Aye, very good. But at any rate the thief would have been hung soon. 'Tis a pity he was not taken alive, and that he died so honourable a death. However, the rascal is sure to go to the devil."

"Aye?"

"Aye; for he died without absolution, under a load of sins."

"Indeed!"

"Either of us would have died with more peace and honour, should we not?"

"Most surely; for we are neither of us thieves."

"Well, God bless you! if you are not going my way."

Thus saying, the peasant left him; and as soon as he was out of sight, Rinaldo entered the wood, and satisfied his hunger.

After a short refreshing sleep he again arose, and proceeded some leagues farther into the forest, till at length he unexpectedly came to an open place a few hundred paces in circumference, where before him, on a hill that rose in the middle of it, were the ruins of a castle.

He now looked around, but could not perceive a living soul. A death-like silence reigned over the whole scene; nor was a single bird heard among the trees, though he thought he perceived footsteps in the grass.

He now advanced to the ruins, and entered a spacious court, covered with high grass. Here he sat down on some fragments of statues, in front of a ruined colonnade, and abandoned himself to his reflections, till a sudden noise alarmed him. It was a roebuck that rushed by; and Rinaldo rising, approached a flight of steps leading to the upper part of the castle.

Having ascended these, he came to a large hall, where his footsteps loudly re-echoed; but though he listened after every step, all was solitude, and no signs of a living inhabitant appeared.

This hall led to a spacious apartment, on the farther side of which were two wooden doors, fastened with iron bolts. Here he stood and listened, but heard nothing, except the noise of his own breathing; and though he knocked at both of them, the same silence still continued.

At length having drawn back the bolts of one of the doors which creaked upon its hinges, he entered into an empty room, which he immediately left. In like manner he opened the other door, and here also found an empty apartment.

He therefore again bolted the doors, and returned by the way he came.

He now perceived, in a corner of the hall, a small opening, which led to another empty room. This led to a second; and that to a third. Here he suddenly trod on wood, and perceived he was on a trap door fastened by bolts, which he opened, and looked down into a dark and deep place, and a small stone stair-case. He then carefully closed the door, and returned by the way he came to the court yard.

Evening now beginning to draw in fast, he looked around for a tree to pass the night in, and chose a majestic oak, amid whose thick foliage he endeavoured to repose.

Having, however, passed the night with scarcely any sleep, Rinaldo left his uneasy lodging when day began to dawn, and set forward in search of water, which he soon found. As soon as he had quenched his thirst, and filled his bottle, he advanced still farther, cutting marks in the trees that he might again find his way back to the ruins.

Towards noon he approached the road that traversed the forest, and reposed, at a small distance from it, under a thick bush.

He had not lain long before he heard the voices of men, and the tinkling of mule-bells, which seemed constantly to approach; till at length a company of gipsies appeared, consisting of three men, two old women, and a couple of young women, four children, a mule with baggage, two dogs and some animals for show.

These people seemed to know the place; for they bent their course into the forest, and went towards the fountain which Rinaldo had just left. The dogs scarcely perceived him before they set up a dreadful cry, and flew furiously at him. One of the men seized his fusil, which lay on the panniers, and the other two drew their stilettoes.

Rinaldo now let loose his dogs, which instantly darted forward out of the bush towards the strangers.

"Holla! who are you?" cried one of the gipsies.

"Call in your dogs," cried Rinaldo, "or I will shoot them!"

They called in the dogs, and the women held them fast while Rinaldo approached them, and said, in a resolute tone,

"We can hardly have any cause to fear each other."

"Who are you?" inquired the gipsies again.

"A man," replied Rinaldo, "who knows not what it is to fear."

Gipsey Man. I know not what to make of you.

Rinaldo. Think of me as you please—but give me a glass of liquor if you have any.

Gipsey Man. You shall have some when you have paid for it.

Rinaldo. That I will do.

Gipsey Man. You look, to me, like one that—that had done something for which he was afraid of being taken up.

Rinaldo. That is impossible. Come pour out.

Gipsey Man. Yes, yes, you are certainly one of Rinaldini's people.

Rinaldo. Of what consequence is Rinaldini to either of us.

Gipsey. To me of great consequence.

Rinaldo. To you?

Gipsey Man. Yes, very great.

Rinaldo. How great?

Gipsey Man. At least to the amount of two thousand sequins.

Rinaldo. How so?

Gipsey Man. If I could but deliver up his head—

Rinaldo. Indeed! But you are too late.

Gipsey Man. Too late? I fancy he will think it always time enough to be hung.

Rinaldo. He will not think so now.

Gipsey Man. Why not?

Rinaldo. Because he was killed in his last battle with the troops of Tuscany.

Gipsey Man. And how do you know that?

Rinaldo. Because I was there.

Gipsey Man. By heavens, I guessed it! didn't I?

Rinaldo. Guessed what?

Gipsey Man. That you were one of his people.

Rinaldo. Say that again, and by heavens, I'll split your skull in two. I will let you know who I am, I am the forer of the next frontier town, and was ordered out against that thief Rinaldini, with all my people. We had very hot work; and now as we have destroyed him, you treat me as if—

Gipsey Man. Well, well, I beg your pardon. A man may—

Rinaldo. Come, less argument, and more liquor! Well, that is one, now for number two! Now show me your passports: we have lately had very strict orders to take up all such vagabonds as you.

A Woman. 'Tis excellent liquor! Entirely at your honour's service!

Rinaldo. I take no presents, and know my duty.

Gipsy Woman. Why not? Do let me—

Rinaldo. Come once more, old woman!

Gipsy Woman. With all my heart, good Mr. Forester

Rinaldo. Is that your daughter, old Shrivel-skin?

Gipsy Woman. The little one is. The tall one is a relation, a poor fatherless and motherless girl. Come hither child! She is named after her godmother Rosalia, is a good Christian seventeen years old, and has an excellent heart!— Shall I pour out another glass?

Rinaldo. With all my heart!

Gipsy Woman. Rosalia, give Mr. Forester a piece of rice-cake!

Rosalia. Here, here, Forester! Much good may it do you!

Rinaldo. Hark ye, my maid, are you really christened?

Gipsy Woman. Heaven forgive your disbelief! Yes indeed she was regularly christened at Macerata, as her certificate will prove.

Rosalia. Yes, certainly I was! I was!

Rinaldo. Now what am I indebted to you?

Gipsy Woman. Oh, by his holiness! not a doit. We will not take any money of you, good Mr. Forester!

Rinaldo. I cannot except presents. Come out with your passports! What have you in these panniers? What, the deuce! How came you by these large wax candles? You must certainly have stolen them?

Gipsy Woman. God forbid! Mr. Forester! What do you take us for? Stolen, indeed! No, we paid good hard money for them!

Rinaldo. And what use do you make of these church candles?

Gipsy Woman. By night, Mr. Forester, when the weather is dark and stormy, in the woods; and when—

Rinaldo. I will buy two of them.

Gipsy Woman. They are at your service.

Rinaldo. I will also buy your bread.

Gipsy Woman. With all my heart!

Rinaldo. Now reckon what I owe you. Come shew me your passports! Will you sell me the whole bottle of liquor.

Gipsy Woman. Certainly.

Gipsy Man. Mr. Forester is a good customer!

Rinaldo. Yes, I will buy every thing that pleases me. I will buy this girl, if you will sell her, and she has no objection.

Rosalia. In what capacity?

Rinaldo. As my housekeeper. I want just such a girl as you.

Rosalia. If I can earn my wages I will go with you immediately.

Rinaldo. I mean so.

Gipsy Woman. You shall have her. I will sell her for three ducats.

Rinaldo. I will give only two.

Gipsy Woman. Well, take her! But with one condition, that you shall not ask us for our passports!

Rinaldo. Aha! Very well! But beware that you do not fall into the hands of the militia, for they are out to day.

Gipsy Woman. We shall soon get out of the wood.

Rinaldo. I would advise you to do so. Here is the money for the girl; and here are a couple of pauls* for my reckoning.

Gipsy Woman. Thank you, Mr. Forester!

Rosalia. Good bye! good bye!

Gipsy Woman. Behave yourself well, and don't shame us. What is the name of the place, Mr. Forester, where you are going to take her?

Rinaldo. To Sarsiglia, where I am forester. My name is Benvenuto Fromiglia: the whole town knows me.

Gipsy Woman. We only ask that we may know where to find her.

Rinaldo. Very well! God bless you!

Rosalia. Adieu!

The Gipsies now loaded their beast, and began to set forward.

Rosalia took up her bundle, and accompanied Rinaldo, who pursued his way towards the ruined castle, and was very gay and happy.

Rosalia expressed her wonder at the ruins, remarked it would make an excellent habitation for gipsies, and laid herself down near Rinaldo, who had extended himself on the grass.

Rinaldo. And are you really come with me willingly?

Rosalia. Yes; or else I would not be so cheerful. The life I have hitherto led has long been wearisome to me;

*A piece of money, worth about 5s. 3-8.

and I had formed a plan of some time or other leaving my companions in the night, only I did not know where to go. But this is better.

Rinaldo. Who knows whether it will be better or worse?

Rosalia. Why so? A gipsy girl is but a poor wretch! One must turn one's hand to something, or one cannot get one's bread. If one is once caught stealing, it is all over; and they give us no quarters between heaven and earth.— But if I am your housekeeper—

Rinaldo. I will not deceive you; I am no forester.

Rosalia. Oh, Heavens! then what are you!

Rinaldo. You may still rejoin your company, if you are not inclined to stay with me. I will not detain you: you are perfectly free. Thus you see I deal fairly with you; and I will even be so imprudent as to tell you who I am—I am Rinaldini!

Rosalia. Oh, heavens! what shall I do?

Rinaldo. Go back, and join your company, I give you full permission to do so.

Rosalia. Ah! what a famous man! I am quite frightened, for you are so great a man, and I—

Rinaldo. Be not uneasy. Here are ten ducats, which I make you a present of.

Rosalia. Oh, stay! let me but think a while! Shall I, or shall I not? Well, come what may—I'll stay with you!

Rinaldo. Will you, indeed?

Rosalia. Yes, I will.

Rinaldo. Very well! You shall see I will be careful of you; and when I am well off you shall be so too, and shall want for nothing I can procure you. Give me your hand, and promise to stay with me!

Rosalia. I do. Here is my hand!

Rinaldo. Your open countenance prejudices me in your favour, and I give you my whole confidence. You may therefore believe that I wish to be worthy of yours.

Rosalia. Rinaldini! though you are so terrible a man, I will not be afraid, but will stay with you, and serve you faithfully. It seems as if I had already known you long, and we were old acquaintances.

Rinaldo. So it is with me; and that is the reason why I place so much confidence in you.

Rosalia. You are very kind! The more confidence you place in me, the happier I am with you.

Rinaldo. I will tell you all. Just as you see me here I escaped from an engagement with the troops of Tuscany,

which but few of my men survived. I am now quite alone, and do not expect again to see the remainder of my company. Fortune, perhaps, has separated me from them for my good. I am informed by a peasant, that the Tuscans believe I was killed in the battle; and I am very glad they think so. Perhaps they mistook me for my friend Severo, who resembled me, and whose head being cut open, they saw him fall; or perhaps some of my men, who might be wounded and taken prisoners, have given out that I am killed to secure me from pursuit. I wish all Italy may believe it! Amid these ruins I will pass a couple of days, till the soldiers are gone, and then we will approach certain places where I have buried some gold. If we only find three of them undiscovered, we shall have enough to live on, and will take ship, abandon Italy, sail to some foreign country, and there pass our lives together in peace.

Rosalia. That is an excellent plan; and I would give any thing to see it completed.

Rinaldo. Well, we will endeavour to accomplish it.

Thus this new alliance was concluded, and sealed with a breakfast; after which Rinaldo conducted his companion into an inner chamber of the castle, and lighted the two candles he had bought, to examine the place to which the stairs under the trap-door led.

Having descended these, they came to a spacious vault, which seemed to be the vestibule of one much larger.—This they examined, and found quite empty; and at the end of it they came to another staircase leading up to a trap-door which stood open, and led into a small court grown over with grass. Here they crept through a narrow opening, which seemed once to have served as a door-way into a small apartment, of which the window shutters were shut. They approached a side door, which was bolted, and which they opened while two snakes hissed by them. At first they started back; but again proceeded, and entered a small room; from which, however, they instantly returned, in consequence of a dreadful smell that assailed them. But Rinaldo re-entering, found two corpses lying on the earth, in a state of corruption. They were quite naked, and covered with blood.

“This,” said he, “is the abode of murderers!” as he left the apartment, and again shut the door.

This horrid discovery made him uneasy; and turning to Rosalia, he said,

"Here we must not stay long, I thought these ruins had been the haunt of snakes and owls, and now I find a den of assassins."

Rosalia drew back with horror; nor did Rinaldo long delay ere he returned with her the way they came, and hastened out of the castle as if they had been pursued.— They were scarcely arrived in the open court before a gun was heard, the ball of which passed between them. Rinaldo took his gun, and fired on the bush whence the shot seemed to proceed.

Upon this he heard a loud curse and a rustling noise; and instantly an armed man presented himself, and said in a thundering voice,

"Here no one dares resist! I am Baptistello, captain of a formidable band of men who are the terror of the whole country."

Rinaldo. Ah! do I at last see thee, thou terrible Baptistello! of whom I have so often heard? Are you he?

Baptistello. I am.

Rinaldo. Now, then, learn that I will not yield a hair's breadth to you. I am as much dreaded as you; I am Rinaldini, who never yet knew fear!

Baptistello. Ah! do we meet here? Know that we do not meet only to exchange these empty words! I am jealous of your fame; and this rencounter can only end in the destruction of one of us. That I will not submit to you, you may easily imagine: so draw your sabre, and shew if you have any skill to use it.

Rinaldo. That you shall experience. But let your men come out from their ambush!

Baptistello. I am quite alone. He that conquers shall be the other's heir.

Rinaldo. Mine is this young woman.

Baptistello. Agreed. I will suffer her to go; and, besides, make her a present. Let your men come forward!

Rinaldo. They are above half a league off.

Baptistello. Come, then, draw!

Rinaldo now threw down his arms, and took off his hunting pouch, while Rosalia's eyes were filled with tears.— Rinaldo saw them not, but drew his sabre, and quickly went up to Baptistello, who already stood in a posture to receive him, which he did with coolness and courage.— Stroke followed stroke, parried and returned alternately by each. The combat continued some minutes. Rinaldo grew hotter and hotter: but Baptistello still remained cool and

collected. Rinaldo no longer saw nor heard any thing, but furiously raged against his adversary, who, unperceived by him, drew out a pistol with his left hand, which he hid behind his back, and fired at Rinaldo, but missed him.

"Villain!" cried Rinaldo, and drawing a pistol from his girdle, shot his adversary through the head. Baptistello fell, and Rosalia screamed aloud. Baptistello gave up the ghost without speaking a single word, and Rinaldo wrapped him up, and threw him into the bush from which he had fired at him.

Here he found a bundle which he took up and gave to Rosalia; besides which he took a ring from his finger and a box of gold from his pocket.

"Now, Rosalia," cried he, "let us depart before the villain's companions come."

Having proceeded about a league and a half, they found a retired spot in the thickest part of the wood that covered the sides of a hill, at the foot of which a silver stream murmured down the declivity. In the middle of the hill was an open place, where they reposed themselves, and talked of this bloody rencounter.

Rinaldo now counted over the gold he had found upon his adversary, amounting to above two hundred ducats, besides some gold medals and pocket-pieces. Meanwhile Rosalia examined the bundle, which contained a hermit's frock, a couple of false noses, a beard and some linen, which came very apropos for both of them.

Upon this they took a frugal repast; and having conversed on various subjects, passed the night in this retired and beautiful scene.